

IN MEMORIAM.

The Late Bishops Thomson and Kingsley, of the M. E. Church.

An Eloquent Tribute to their Memory by Bishop Simpson.

Yesterday morning, Union M. E. Church, Fourth street, below Arch, was crowded, on the occasion of the delivery of the memorial sermon by Bishop Simpson on the death of Bishops Kingsley and Thomson, of the M. E. Church.

The exercises were opened by Rev. Alfred Cookman, of the Delaware Conference, who gave out ymn 1083.

Rev. Charles Cooke, of St. George's Church, then offered prayer.

The nineteenth Psalm and the closing part of the fourth chapter of the First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians were read by Rev. S. E. Post, of the New Jersey Conference, after which Rev. T. T. Tasker announced the 107th Hymn.

Bishop Simpson then delivered the sermon, of which the following is a verbatim report:—The Bishop selected the following text—it being the 15th verse of the 16th Psalm:—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

He then said:—Sad are our hearts when the angel of death enters the circle of our friends and calls some loved one away. We bow, smitten! The tomb seems dark! And at once we are joined to the spirit world by a strong though unseen tie. When the wise and the good and the great are taken from the family of the Church and of the nation, the hearts of the community are made sad, and, clouded, the congregations feel that God has smitten them.

And yet from these signs of sorrow and of death we are called to think of the sovereignty of God; of his care towards his creatures; that death is not unnoticed by Him; that living or dying we are denominated as "saints"; that He seems to bend over their dying bed, and precious in His sight are their dying moments.

It seems sometimes difficult for us to realize this, for so still and quiet, so sad and solemn are such scenes, that we do not think, if possible, as we ought to, that God is present in the dying chamber, and that, precious to us as loved ones may be, more precious are they in the sight of God! The reflections on this passage lead us to consider, first, that one great object of revelation seems to be to assure us of the constant presence and supervision of God. We speak of the Work of God as a revelation. It is not only a revelation of His will, which might not be learned from the voices and outgoings of nature, but there is a sense in which this Word takes off the veil from the face of nature, and gives it meaning, and force, and power in all its utterances.

That there is a God, the heavens above us declare, and the earth beneath us echoes back. There is a voice that comes in every gale; there seems to be a tongue in every tree and shrub and flower, that tells us of the wisdom and the skill and the goodness of God. And yet such is the perversity of our nature, and such the veil which sin throws over our hearts, that we go through this world a greater part of our journey without recognizing the presence of God around and about us. It is His declaration that the whole earth shall be filled with His glory, and when the veil is lifted from the heart and the eye, the heavens declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. His voice goes out through the earth, and on the winds to the ends of the world.

When God's spirit touches the human heart, the utterances of His word make us feel His presence, and man rises to something like the dignity which God designs him to have—the moral position he ought to occupy, and wherever he goes recognizing the presence of God around him. If he walk in the streets of a crowded city, if he be in the presence of God with us everywhere. If our hearts could but feel this, it would make us strong to think, strong to work, able to suffer, to do and to die, and make us feel that the arms of overlasting love, everywhere and at all times and circumstances, encircled us. What may be the capabilities of man, or what may be the possibilities of man, so recognizing the presence and power of God—who can tell? If God be for us, who shall be against us? If God be in us, what strength can he impart to us!

I have gone into the philosophical rule. I have seen a person, isolated on a stand, and the electric current brought into contact with them, and from the end of every finger and the extremity of every hair would go out a stream of fire. That which was unseen, unnoted, and unfeeling, becomes palpable, visible, powerful! So it seems to me a man may be in going through this world, isolate him from his sins, cut off the connections that bind him to this lower earth, and let the stream of grace be turned on his heart, and let him feel the power and the presence of Almighty God, and in going through this world he becomes a power from whom shall issue heavenly influences touching the world whosoever he goes. For if God work through a man, what may he not accomplish? As I have said, one great object of revelation is to take off the veil from the face of nature, that God stands revealed as our God, with his influence guiding, directing, strengthening!

It is comparatively easy for us to think of God caring for active workers. The Psalmist says, "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord and He lighteth his way," and the figure is one of parental affection and solicitude. The little child is just beginning to take its first steps, is unable yet to overcome difficulties and encounter obstacles. But the father and mother, bending, watch its steps, direct it in the right pathway, are delighted when it is able to walk, hold it by the hand, and smile at its going forth. And so God is represented as bending over a good man,

directing his steps, delighting in his way, and strengthening him to labor. And so, too, this watchful Providence is illustrated reaching to every part of our being. God is with us watching our fall, if we must fall, with great sorrow and care; knowing and counting every hair of our heads. We can more easily believe all this, however, than we can bring ourselves to feel that the dying moment is so especially noted of God. We take an interest in active workers. Society wants strong men, thinking men, planning men, laboring men, men of power. Our hearts are drawn to them. We are co-workers with God, and when and while we can work here, it would seem but proper that God should care for us. His works strengthen us, working in and through us; and when nature fails, when diseases enfeeble, when death draws near, when the power to labor is gone, oftentimes society takes but little interest in us, not especially noted of God. We take an interest in active workers. Society wants strong men, thinking men, planning men, laboring men, men of power. Our hearts are drawn to them. We are co-workers with God, and when and while we can work here, it would seem but proper that God should care for us.

Some of you, my brethren, possibly have or may feel this change in society. When you were younger and stronger, when you could stand in the churches and speak words of life and power; when you were centers around which the moral power of the community gathered, how many warm friends, and kind and active friends gathered around you! When you have been unable to go in and out before the Church, when God has seemed to turn you aside to perfect your grace by suffering, the heart has sometimes been pained when friends have seemed far and far between, and the lonely hours have scarcely been comforted by the visitation of a friend or one expression of kindly feeling. Not so with God—watching over the most enfeebled; watching over the moments of old age; watching over the moments when life seems friendless almost; bending over the very bed of death, and uttering of the voice from Heaven—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." He shows His unfathomable love for us.

An occasion which calls us together, like this, brings the thought of death vividly before us; and I think, in the case of our brethren, whose memories are with us to-day, we can well employ the phrase here of "saints." It is true in the highest use of the phrase. It would seem to be one above the infirmities of human nature, and we are too liable to these, and man in his best estate is altogether vanity! Living, there are few of us who would like to assume the title of "saint," and yet there is a sense in which we are such; that is, taken from the original phrase, we are set apart, sanctified and purified by the Holy Spirit. We are in the process of purification, getting ready and preparing for the society of the blessed above, and for communion with God. And those whom God calls in to His Church should submit themselves to His sway, should pray for the guidance and purifying power of the Holy Spirit. The Scriptures apply the term "saints" to the "saints that are in Ephesus," and to the "saints that are in Corinth," and the people of that day had all the human nature we have, and all the imperfections we have, and the term in this modified sense is applicable to all the servants of God.

But to those who have, in His language, devoted their lives to His calling; who have given themselves, with all their power, to the work of lifting this world nearer Heaven; who have given their all to go forth to proclaim the Gospel to man in all its glorious fullness, the term seems peculiarly applicable; and I think I may say of our dear departed friends, that "Precious in the sight of the Lord" were their deaths. What may be included in this phrase, how much may be implied, it is scarcely for us to say. A man, though a good man, who neglects the laws of nature or fails to comply with them, notwithstanding all his goodness, must bear the consequences and the effect of those laws. I don't believe that it is only because a man lives out the days of his life that God intended to have him live. There are laws of nature that environ us on all sides.

And yet where there is no intentional wrong, where there is no intentional violation of the laws of nature, where men endeavor to perform the law of God, there are included in this phrase, how much may be implied, it is scarcely for us to say. A man, though a good man, who neglects the laws of nature or fails to comply with them, notwithstanding all his goodness, must bear the consequences and the effect of those laws. I don't believe that it is only because a man lives out the days of his life that God intended to have him live. There are laws of nature that environ us on all sides.

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And yet I would not inculcate a careless neglect for the laws of nature; I would not give any one to suppose that such is the watchful care of God, that do as he may, he will live until a certain period; that living as he choose, life will be of the same length. It is not so. God directs us; gives us judgment, wisdom, knowledge, and we are to care for the health he gives us, for the life he bestows upon us, and thus a great duty falls upon man to live, just as long as he possibly can in doing his Master's work. He should care for his physical energies, and preserve them, and it should be one of the great objects of his life so to act that that death may be postponed as far as possible, which is to sever him from the associations of life, and to render him incapable on earth to work for his Master's cause.

But while I would guard that point, I would say, on the other hand, that we are to use the powers God gives us; and though we may make mistakes God can overrule these both for our good and for His glory; and when we die, "Precious in the sight of the Lord" is our death. He so orders all circumstances connected with it that, first, the saint shall be released from earth and taken home to glory, and, secondly, that in his death he shall influence, in some mysterious way, possibly, society all around him.

But the death of the saint is precious in the sight of God in this sense—that He gives, at that time, a clearer sense of His presence, and a greater consciousness of His power. So dear is He, that He comes to the dying room, bends over the dying pillow, and brings a realizing sense to the person dying that God is there. And then that which seems dark becomes light; that which seems difficult becomes easy; that which dreads as painful loses its terrors, and the person calmly sweetly lays his head on Jesus' breast and breathes his life out there. Oh, how many have said, in the language of Bishop Thomson, when dying, "If this be dying, it is easy to die." At that moment who can tell what visions of glory come to the mind, already partially freed from the chains that bind it to mortality, about to grasp the invisible and dwell in the infinite? The human soul here seems to be strangely constituted. It has always room for another beside it—the dwelling of some spiritual power besides its own, that shapes and influences life. And while there is that strange capability on one hand, there seems to be another—this is the power of attracting itself to something beyond it. It is on both of these that the dignity of human nature is founded.

Man has a fearful responsibility in his power to admit an evil spirit, in which will go lodging with him. For it is in his power

to have God dwell in him. The outgoing soul can commune with the powers of darkness, on the one hand, or can seem to grasp the very glories of heaven on the other. A man may, while here, have communion with the Father of his spirit, the Lord Jesus Christ. The soul has this power of outgoing, that can grasp the distant and the invisible, and the dying soul feels but a little more of this power. It is hearing the banks, it is ready to join the throng; it is almost listening to the music, almost charmed by the visions, waiting to be numbered with the best above.

The Church to-day feels, in the death of Bishops Thomson and Kingsley, a sore bereavement. In the whole history of the Church no other such scene has been witnessed. If we trace the lives of the bishops who labored in the Church, a great majority of them will be found to have lived to good old age, and died under circumstances that did not so deeply impress the Church's mind. Bishop Cooke was an exception, though, perhaps, partially connected with the Church in this country, labored for the Church in England as well. But Asbury, McKendree, Roberts, Soule, Hedding, and Waugh all lived to a good old age, and all died surrounded by their friends. George died early, yet in mature years, with his family and friends about him. Hamilton was in the midst of his family, but life had been eking away for years and he resigned. Emory was smitten down in the middle of life, strangely, unpleasantly cut off in one instant, within a short distance of his own power. But these two among the strongest, among the most talented, among the most endeared to the heart of the Church, in middle life, in a career of usefulness, at a moment when the Church had no thought of such a catastrophe, are cut down within a few days of each other—one on the banks of the Ohio and the other on the shores of the Mediterranean. How strange, that their deaths should be so sudden, so unexpected, and so near together!

I pause but for a moment or two, not to recite their history; not to give biographical sketches such as you have already been permitted to read; but to recall some of the prominent traits in their lives and to draw lessons for our advantage. And first, this morning we do devoutly thank God that He ever gave such men to the Church. In their early childhood they had religious training, for, as a general rule, those whom God designs to be preachers in His Church, very early in life He throws around them and gives to them influences which are to make them powers in the world. It is not always the case, but it is God's general rule.

Bishop Thomson lived until the years of a young man before he gave his heart to God. In this city he graduated in medicine, receiving his diploma at the age of nineteen, from the Jefferson Medical College, he commenced the practice of medicine, but as in the case of Calvin, Luther, and other eminent men, the sudden death of a friend startled him. Shortly after, a sermon to which he listened from the lips of that wonderful man of God, Russell Bigelow—unpossessing in appearance, strange in his manner, and yet whose words went like a flame through our Western land—shook his fidelity. Subsequently he gave himself to the study of the Bible, and in a few years after his graduation in medicine, and before he commenced to practice it, at the age of twenty-one, he sought and found peace in Jesus Christ. Scarcely had he finished his probation in the Church of six months, when he was licensed to preach, and at the next conference was admitted in a travelling connection. He gave himself wholly to the work of a Methodist preacher, but having been blessed with an early education, being possessed of far more than ordinary talent, the Church selected him for literary labor, and he found his way to the literary department of the Seminary, Ohio, was placed under his care. That institution has since gone out of connection with the Church, yet out of it came great influences. He founded a Western university, over which he presided many years in after life.

Bishop Kingsley was born in Western New York. Early in life he was converted, and felt himself called to the ministry. He struggled in the midst of difficulties. He was a young man grown before he was able to obtain an education. I first met him in 1839, just about thirty-one years ago, and when I accepted a chair in Allegheny College, I found Kingsley a student—a young man, strong, manly, working, and willing to do anything to support himself in the college. He displayed unusual talent and power, and a class was given to him to instruct. He was employed as tutor, with the exception of a short time, when he retired from the college to gain additional means for his support by giving instruction to a few in the primary classes. He thus worked his way through college, and, in 1841, graduated, and—what is very unusual, having entered an institution with very little education and worked his way through it—was elected to a professorship there; such was the confidence of the faculty and the trustees and the Church in his wisdom, skill, and prudence.

The history of both of these men is before the Church. They were educated, both were editors, both of them had spoken and written. Both were clear theologians—men of might and power. They had been with the Church in its various localities, and in various positions, and then they were called to the highest honor it could bestow upon its ministers. As a mark of the continued action towards the Church by the Church, it may be said that in 1852 they were among the highest in words of those not elected to the episcopal office. Twelve years passed away, and the Church, having had their walk before its eyes, again turned to them, and confirmed the indication given twelve years before, in honoring them with a place in the Episcopal Board.

And right well did they perform their duties. Many of these ministers have sat under their presidency. You know their kindness, their fidelity, their power. Men of deep piety, great modesty, unaffected simplicity, uniting the highest order of talent with the deepest humility and deepest devotion in the cause of Christ. No man who ever ministered with them could doubt their constant and uninterrupted piety. Their lives mark a great era. They were leaders in the latter part of the first century of the Church, and just entered upon the second century. I have alluded to the fact that they were educators. The Church needed them at a time when her institutions were few and feeble, and there were very few men who had so much to do in institutions, and in developing the literary interests of the Church, and laboring to give it an elevation of power in the land and throughout the universe. In all lands and religious institutions their memories will be blest; for they had students scattered over the earth. They found them in China, in India, in California, in Oregon, wherever these bishops went in their widely diffused journeyings they found some who, under their early instruction, had been brought to Christ, and consecrated to the ministry of the Lord.

In their closing scenes we heard that all was well. We have not yet heard of the

closing scenes of Bishop Kingsley's life further than that such was his uniform devotion to the cause of God that all must have been well. Of Bishop Thomson's death we have full knowledge. It is peculiar that both of them died without their families being with them. Thomson was at home, and yet so sudden was his death that the wife of his affection was the child of his love were not permitted to visit him. Kingsley ended his life on the other side of the ocean. But though they fell without their families being with them, kind friends were around Thomson, and I have no doubt that Kingsley fell in the midst of the missionary families of the American Board that are stationed at Beyrout, for there are loving, manly, noble Christian spirits there, as I can testify to, for in that same place I lay for days in dangerous illness, and received the sympathies and affection of brethren who were there then.

The lessons to the Church are—first, lessons of warning to us as ministers and members, "Be ye also ready." How powerfully this voice sounds in our ears this morning! When many of you, my brethren, meet in your conferences, when you greet each other there, your memories will go back to a few weeks ago, when you little thought that Thomson and Kingsley would be no more. Some of us had not so much prospect for long life as they had, but God ordered differently, and called at a moment least expected, to us at least, and they departed to receive the crown. To us, as ministers and members, there should be to do the work the Master gives us with increased energy and increased care. The fewer the men who are left the more diligent the workers should be. The nearer we approach to the close of life the more faithful ought we to be; and this morning there are some hearts, I trust, that are resolved to make a more perfect confession of faith than they ever made, and to be every moment more perfectly prepared than they have been in the past.

The second lesson is one of humiliation to the Church. Why is it that God is calling our leaders away? McChintock dear to all, and Church was in tears. Then from the banks of the Ohio came the tidings that Thomson—the gifted, eloquent, and polished writer, the powerful Christian man, Thomson—had fallen, and scarcely had we recovered from this bereavement than there came along the wires the terrible intelligence that Kingsley had fallen in a moment at Beyrout. Oh, how the Church bowed! I was in the New Hampshire Conference, and was closing the services, and the telegram was placed in my hands as I stood in the pulpit. The choir and congregation were singing. I asked them to pause at the close of the verse, and I read the dreadful tidings to them. Bishop Baker burst into tears by my side, and sunk to his seat. Strong men sat with heads bowed and streaming eyes, and for a few moments I never saw a congregation so powerfully moved.

We should humiliate ourselves and see whether we have in any way offended the Great Head of the Church. There is cause for humiliation. We are not faithful as a Church, and devoted as a Church, as we ought to be. We should be more upon our knees. I think, again, that possibly in passing through the ordinary exercises we have closed we had too much of the spirit of boasting. We have failed to be grateful to God. Sometimes I have feared that we have failed to give all the credit to God on account of self-congratulation, possibly self-adulation. We have magnified our position beyond what was, possibly, acceptable to God. He may need to smite us to bring us to our knees and make us feel our dependence on Him. And if in any of these things we have been smitten, that the lesson should reach our hearts, let us humbly arise and look up, feeling that He is a jealous God and will not give His glory to men.

Another lesson is this: that the Church should learn to depend more perfectly on God and less on men. There is a wrong feeling pervading the Church. It is among ministers and among members. We should be grateful that God gives man the power in the Church; and yet I think congregations depend too much on their ministers, and ministers depend too much on church arrangements and church officers. It is right that the power should rest on God, and yet it should be harmony and co-operation; it is right that we have a brotherly love, and yet, after all, the strength of the Church is in the dependence on the love of God, and no man should be suffered to come between us and God. Members of the Church of the living God, do you not expect your ministers to do a large proportion of the work, and are you not dependent upon the strength, the power, and eloquence alone of your minister to conquer the world for Christ? I will not underrate all those strong in faith and hope and love. We should be grateful to God for the power that He has given to the same time, that the Church has the right to go directly to the throne of power and find strength, be the minister whom he may. If he leads well, all right; if he does not lead us well, go directly to the great ear.

And this lesson, in this respect, we would do well to heed and learn. How beautiful the thought, that while God buries His workmen He carries on His work still! How blessed to feel that God guides His Church! He took His Son, sent to earth, from the band of the Apostles, and left them poor, smitten, scattered, and helpless, and yet founded the Church through the instrumentality against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, and who is able at all times and in all circumstances to give to His Church expansion and perpetuity.

But there is in the death of these brethren, it seems to me, a providential voice calling the Church to greater exertion and greater labor than it has yet undertaken in the past. And that voice, it seems to me, comes from Asia's shores. It seems to be strange, and yet I think it is in the order of God that to America has been reserved in a great measure the honor of planting the Gospel in Asia from its support, and to bring it to the foot of the Cross. Our first bishop, Dr. Coke, felt his heart turn with intensest love for Asia. He was then connected with the English Wesleyans, and it was this missionary spirit of his that led him to our shores and over the extent of our then settled country and Canada. The same yearning led him to care for Asia and he looked out, and when men thought missions to the multitudes of Asia, were almost an impossibility, his heart yearned to demonstrate that the Gospel was the power of God unto salvation even in Asia. He planned for it. Men thought him fanatical. At last he succeeded in getting a few chosen young men to go with him and start on a voyage to plant the Church in India. He had almost reached that shore when God called him up higher, and one morning he was found dead in his room. No one had witnessed the struggle. No one had known he was ill. He had retired feeling a little unwell; he desired no aid, and the next morning was found dead. It was a great calamity, as it appeared to me, and in one sense it was. And yet that death of Dr. Coke on the far shores of India—while

going to lift a heathen people up, while taking an advanced step in the history of Christian effort—brought the great heart of the Church to India. Up to that moment there were no missionary societies; there was no missionary societies. Coke's great heart yearned for their establishment. He founded missions. He himself was the planner and arranger, not only for the relief of this country, but for India, too. And when he fell, men felt something more must be done. A society was formed; men combined together, and they resolved that India should not be forsaken. Missions were formed and progressed with great rapidity after the death of Dr. Coke.

Now these two bishops have had the honor of laboring in our Church, of laying broad her foundations. Bishop Thomson had been through India and China; had seen the missions, and the last literary work of his life, to comprise two volumes, just coming out of the press, is entitled "Missions in the Orient." He had given his last days to this work of bringing this subject more fully before the Church, and he called upon it loudly in behalf of India and China. It was the great burden of his thoughts. He pleaded for China and he pleaded for India in missionary boards, and on the platform, by voice and by pen; and he asked the Church to take possession of that part of the heathen land. How strangely God has been joining our nation to China! In the midst of all this work, America the youngest and China the oldest have been joining hands. A strange intimacy has sprung up. Burlingame was elected as our Minister and became his Minister. We know the whole history of the embassy, and how he led their chosen men through the world, finding out what might be done for China, and they copied American institutions. America has now aroused China, she has influenced her, and is beginning to arouse India, though she is not so powerful in India as England, as the latter has civil control. But for China, especially, America seems to have a wonderful mission. The first bishop sleeps in the ocean, not far from Ceylon. The first bishop consecrated and ordained over the Methodist Episcopal Church has his grave by the shores of India; and the last bishop elected and ordained has his grave on the outlook of the Mediterranean—Beyrout. Asia has ever called to the American Church to take possession of India.

Strange seems it to be that the ocean and the land should bind us to Asia. The cemetery is a beautiful spot. On the brow of your hill, on the out-look of you sea, the American Missions below, on the way up where Lebanon summit seems to tower towards the clouds—it is there that Kingsley sleeps. His heart of sympathy is silent in the body; but strongly, before it ceased to beat, it beat for India and China. No man has ever rendered the Church so famous in India and China as Bishop Kingsley, by his faith, by his vivid description of the degradation of the people, by his genius, by his piety. This is the labor he had performed, and yet, possibly, it may be that in the death of these men the Church will take a wider outlook. Had not one of them fallen, possibly the shock would not have so deeply aroused the whole heart of the Church. But both have fallen and the stroke is heavy. Let the spirit of these men live in the young men of the land. I am glad to say that the fruit of their labors is appearing. I passed through New York on Tuesday evening. On that afternoon I learned they had just selected six missionaries for China and India, to send them off to reinforce a band of men who have labored so faithfully and long for the conversion of the country to the blessed Saviour.

In Bishop Kingsley's death there is something especially beautiful. I could have wished for him long life. We were waiting for his return. He gave us intelligence. Papers respecting our mission had been sent to him in Germany. We wanted his knowledge and ability. But oh, how grand that death! He had almost completed the circumnavigation of the globe. He had started in June, had scaled the mountains of Colorado, had gone down into California, had sailed across to China, penetrated far into its interior, swept around to India, held its conference, arranged with its laborers for future triumph, had come back to the Red Sea, had gone through that great canal which had just been opened, and he had returned to the Holy Land. He sailed from Alexandria, to old Joppa, went up to Jerusalem, had stood doubtless by the sepulchre of Abraham and the manger at Bethlehem, had wandered over the little fields and hills of Nazareth, had looked at Capernaum, passed over the Sea of Galilee, looked where fire came down on Mount Carmel, had made his way up to Tyre and Sidon, and had reached Beyrout. He had longed to see Jerusalem; he had talked very much of it and now he had been at the City of the Great King; he had been at Gethsemane; he had looked upon Calvary; had been at the sepulchre, and the Hill of Zion; had walked over the places where Jesus' feet pressed this earth and where the apostles spoke in His name; had wandered over the lands where angels used to come down from heaven to earth, to give glad tidings to men; seemed almost to hear the sound of praise through the opening heavens; he had finished his mission and God called him to go up higher; he had seen the gates of the earthly Jerusalem, and his heart was full of love, full of joy, full of zeal, but God said "It is enough; he completed the journey around the globe and he was taken up to heaven to join the saints in glory; he had no tidings of McChintock's death, but oh! they meet in glory! He had not heard of Thomson's decease, but a glad hand met him on the other shore—and what a meeting there! and with the redeemed! Blessed meeting, where parting is no more!

I might say of these brethren gone that the Church of God could ill spare them. They were men of progress, knowledge, ideas; of deep sympathy for all the movements in the Church; men that were planning for the enlargement of its borders. They had worked for labor. Brethren of the ministry! brethren of the membership! let us covenant before God this day to do better work for the Master than we have ever done before; now, in the opening century, that opens so grandly, to develop the means and resources of the Church and to bring it to a higher plane of action. Let us resolve to conquer the world for Christ, and let Asia be the pivot on which our labors shall rest. Oh, let us conquer that land for Christ. Now for an era of missionary labor; now for an era of heroic valor. Young men, some of you may come to work for the Church in foreign lands, and no matter where you labor, beautifully it will be said of you—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the saints." God grant us, when we fall, to fall on the side of glory. God grant us that when we die we may be permitted to join those dear spirits, and all the loved ones who have gone before us, around the throne of God.

—A Memphis man, who last week brought a suit for \$50 damages against the owner of a dog which had killed his cat and left him an unprotected victim of rats, lost his case.

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